

Summer Dance

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-01-07 13:53:59

Updated: 2014-01-07 13:53:59

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:24:04

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 540

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In the fading light of a dying day, two boys share a moment away from anyone's eyes (colonial time Jack/Hiccup)

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><p>"There you are."<p>

Jack quickened his stride once he spotted the freckled boy lying in the grass. Hiccup sat up and twisted around to look at him. Jack waved, a smiled lighting up his face. It drew a small answering smile from the younger boy.

"Hey, Jack."

Jack dropped down to sit among the tall grass with Hiccup. His fingers mechanically plucked some wildflowers and twisted their stems together. He gave his friend a quizzical look. "What are you doing here all alone? Everyone's excited about tomorrow and you'reâ€| brooding."

"I'm not brooding. I just don't see what's so exciting. It's just a celebration."

Jack absentmindedly wove the wildflowers together like he had done with his little sister so many times before. He frowned at Hiccup. "But there's gonna be music! And dancing!"

Hiccup sighed. His shoulders slumped. "For you, maybe, but no one's gonna be dancing with me."

"Oh, come on! Don't be like that. You can't know that for sure. Maybe

tomorrow will be the day that you conquer the fair Astrid's heart!"

"Don't be a fool. She won't even look my way."

Hiccup brought his knees up against his chest and lowered his head. Jack stared at him sadly. The setting sun gave the brunette's hair fiery highlights made his freckled skin shine golden. The tall grass around them waved gently in the wind. Jack looked down at the flower crown in his hands. He stood abruptly and set it upon his head with a flourish.

"Will you dance with me?" he asked in a falsetto, lifting his cape in his best approximation of a curtsy. Hiccup sent him a bemused glance.

"Jack, I can't dance with you tomorrow. What would it look like?"

"Maybe not," Jack said in his normal voice. "But you can dance with me now."

He held out a hand. They stared at each other in the golden glow of the dying day. Jack smiled softly. Hiccup returned the smile and took the proffered hand. "I, uh, I don't actually know how to dance."

"It's alright. No one's watching."

Their first few steps were hesitant, but as Hiccup grew more confident, so did the dance. It followed no pattern; they simply twirled and pranced around in an empty field as the night fell around them, laughing breathlessly as everything serious seized to matter. They didn't stop laughing even when Hiccup's foot got tangled in Jack's and they both tumbled to the ground.

They ended up nose to nose in the grass, Hiccup half lying on top of Jack, Jack's flower crown slipping on one side to rest at an angle across his forehead, their cheeks reddened from the laughter and a smile still stretching their lips. Their eyes locked and neither could look away.

They remained like for several seconds until their eyelids lowered and their lips closed the small distance separating them to press together in the first kiss either boys ever experienced. Neither could say who initiated it. It just happened. When their lips parted and their eyes reopened, they stared, breathless, into each other's eyes.

"Will you come back to dance with me here tomorrow?" Hiccup asked.

"Yes."

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